

ESTABLISHED 1845.

TAZEWELL, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1914

\$1.50 PER YEAR.

## HARRY THAW GETS CHRISTMAS GIFT

U. S. Supreme Court Says He  
Must Go Back to New York  
to See Jerome and Courts.

Washington, Dec. 21.—The fight of New York State to extradite Harry K. Thaw from New Hampshire was upheld today by the United States Supreme Court in an unanimous opinion, reversing Judge Aldrich, of the Federal district court of New Hampshire. Justice Holmes, speaking for the court, declared the case was "too clear for lengthy argument," and swept aside as irrelevant all contentions of Thaw's counsel.

Conspiracy to escape from Matteawan insane asylum, to which he was committed after killing Stanford White in 1906, is the charge on which Thaw stands indicted in New York. On this indictment, once the prisoner is again in the hands of the New York authorities, will begin anew Thaw's battle against being returned to Matteawan. Just what the line of action then taken may be was not known here tonight.

## PERVERTED PARAGRAPH.

Think of the horror to follow the defeat, and rout of one of these great armies.—Exchange.

Wellington said after Waterloo, nothing except a battle lost can compare to the horror of a battle won.

Good time now to re-read your Thaddues of Warsaw.—Opinion.

And to remember that the war for Poland's liberty is being waged around the tomb of that great Sobieski who sleeps at Cracow and who drove these same Turks from Vienna to the Boophorus.

Nobody can remain neutral about Germany. One must either consider her the most perfect political creation known to history or approve of her complete extermination. A man who is not a German knows nothing of Germany.—Adolph Lasson.

That's not alternative. Germany deserves extermination because she is "a perfect political machine," and there are men who are not Germans who know a lot about Germany—the Belgians for example.

Let us drop our miserable attempts to excuse Germany's action. Not against our will and as a nation taken by surprise did we hurl ourselves into this venture. We willed it—It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius then the priesthood of all the gods will praise the God of War.—Die Zuck.

Above is a characteristic specimen of German blasphemy, written by Harden and published in Germany.

Morals, and Movies.—Harper.

You mean morals "or" movies, don't you, or are you "liberal" enough to take both?

To destroy England's "monopoly" of the High Seas.—Dr. Gunge, Outlook.

The Herr professor in his campaign for sympathy talks like a Democratic candidate in a Republican district.

What is this thing they call Cubist?—Lebanon News.

Don't know what the word means, nor what a Cubist wants to do, besides revolutionizing the beaux arts. They seem to aspire to pictures without cut color, and perhaps music without melody. If an apostle comes along will send him down.

Why is there no championship in Football?—Lance.

We thought that Harvard had it, and Yale thinks so, too.

Zapata will figure in the final settlement of Mexico. Journal.

Of all the Mexican leaders he is in most active sympathy with our President on the question of land distribution among the peons.

What will they call the present war in history.—Exchange.

The War of Readjustment.

Do Bodies Fall.—Kinertia in Harper.

Yes, dear Cubist of Physics, everything that is lighter than air except high prices.

Why should our government be bound by the Hague Agreements?—Des Moines Age.

Why indeed, when, our representatives failed to act on them when England divided on the Declaration of London and even Germany declared them worthless, for lack of unanimity.

The Man Past Forty in War.—Article in Harper.

Naturally, the Kaiser hasn't been waiting to strike for the Fatherland forty-two years for "trees" to grow, has he?

Madame de Stael said to a party of Americans after the Revolution. You are the advance guard of the human race. In your hands is the destiny of the world.—Exchange.

And it looks like it now and may God inspire our rulers as this great French woman was inspired.

What is the Fourth Dimension?—Headline.

In politics it is the Progressive party; in art it is the Cubist; in war the Zeppelin, but hitherto in physics they've failed to find but three—length, breadth, and thickness. Can it be weight!

Harper's has a touching story of a lady who concealed her second marriage out of regard for her "first," who had only been dead two weeks.

The story comes to us from Carthage, "Missouri," and we want to "see" where she planted No. 1.

The wealthiest citizen of our town game here forty-two years ago with-

out a rag to his back.—Liberal Presbyterian.

That so! We have over a hundred that didn't bring any baggage.

Has this year run the gamut of cruelty and horror?—Post.

It hadn't when you wrote. Since then for the first time in history, cities have been bombed and women and children butchered, without notice to the defenceless inhabitants.

## THANKS.

Editor C. V. News:

Sir:—Tuesday's news report that the Kaiser's Ambassador at Washington has been formally "thanked" for "safe conduct" for ships containing food supplies for Belgians.

When international usage impels a courtesy of this nature, it only accentuates the world wide demand for a revision of that batch of "rapes and precedents" called International Law, into a code of morality and justice. Next we will hear of Red Cross officers thanking the German General Staff for courteous permission to bury the starved victims of the most dastardly political rape on record.

H. M. S.

## TANNERSVILLE NEWS.

Tannersville, Va., Dec. 21.—The weather today doesn't seem like Christmas is so near. If it stays like this Santa Claus will have a job on his hands if he undertakes to come in his sleigh, but perhaps he got a good start last week, the weather was ideal for him then. However we feel sure he'll come for he is always at his post.

Miss May Toliver, of Ashberry's, who has been visiting at Mr. W. S. Taylor's, returned to her home today.

W. E. Hilt and A. R. Necessary were the guests of R. F. Abel yesterday.

J. P. Holmes butchered a pig last Saturday that was said to have weighed close to 450 pounds.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Caldwell—a girl.

Our merchants here, T. B. Ashberry and W. T. Ratcliff & Co., have been busy butchering and shipping geese and turkeys for the last few days.

Mr. John Taylor and Miss Uda Cox were married at Tazewell last Saturday and came to his father's home, where a bountiful supper was served to a few intimate relatives and friends.

Mr. Taylor is a prosperous farmer of this place and Miss Cox is a teacher from Lynchburg. She is teaching this year at Midway. We extend to them our best wishes for a long and happy life.

There will be a Christmas tree at Crabtree's Chapel Thursday—exercises to commence at 1 o'clock.

The Tannersville I. O. O. F. lodge met at North Holston last Friday night.

## DON'T TALK HARD TIMES.

In these strenuous and troubled days of world-shaking events it is becoming the habit of many people to talk of poverty and failure and trials and hardships, as they forecast the future of individuals, as well as of countries.

Such talk is worse than useless; it is criminal, because it is creating fear and destroying confidence and dissipating energy.

The world needs hope, courage and faith at this juncture.—Dorothy Dix.

## BELGIUM'S QUEEN APPEALS FOR AID

Addresses Letter to the American People in Behalf of Her Starving Subjects.

The following letter has been addressed to American people through the ladies by the Queen of the Belgians:

I have learned with gratification of the noble and effective work being done by American citizens and officials on behalf of my stricken people. I confidently hope that their efforts will receive the ungrudging support which we have learned to expect from the generous womanhood of America.

We mothers of Belgium, no less than generations instilled in our children the instincts and the love of peace. We ask no greater boon than to live in peace and friendship with all the world. We have provoked no war. Yet in defense of our hearthstones our country has been laid waste from end to end; the flow of commerce has ceased, and my people are faced with famine. The terrors of starvation, with its consequences of disease and violence, menace the unoffending civilian population; the aged; the infirm; the women and the children.

American officials and citizens in Belgium and England, alive to their country's traditions, have created an organization under the protection of their Government and are already sending food to my people, and I hope that they may receive the fullest sympathy and aid from every side.

I need not say that I and my people shall always hold in grateful remembrance the proven friendship of America in this hour of need.

ELISABETH.

## FOUNDING MILL.

Founding Mill, Va., Dec. 22.—Mrs. J. T. Altizer is shopping at Richmond today.

Mrs. Walker Ringstaff, Mrs. Toby Sparks and Miss Marie Maxwell are shopping in Bluefield today.

Rev. W. S. Bullard, Tazewell, preached a most excellent sermon on last Sunday, guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Steele to dinner.

Rev. Eza Linkous, Indian, preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Lou Robinson on last Wednesday, at 11 o'clock. The sermon was good and the entire service was very impressive.

Mrs. Patsy Sparks and little son visited her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Sparks and others, from Sunday night to today and today with Mrs. W. B. Steele visited Mrs. Jane A. McGuire at Cedar Cliff. Mrs. McGuire is better.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Altizer were shopping in Bluefield Saturday.

Mrs. Taze Smith returned to her home at Norton on Wednesday p. m. She was here to attend the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. Lou Robinson.

W. C. T. U. will meet next Sunday at 11 o'clock. The children will wear their temperance caps and pennants. All invited.

To the editor and family a happy Xmas and prosperous New Year.

## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutter and threw up the sash,<  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his courses he came,  
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:  
"Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!  
On Comet! On Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly,  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

—Clement A. Moore.

## BELGIAN FUND COLLECTION.

Previously acknowledged .....\$559.53  
By Mrs. Joe Litz .....10.23  
By Mrs. Reynolds .....1.50  
By Maj. Jas. P. Whitman .....3.50  
By Mrs. D. B. Daniels .....9.50

Disbursement .....\$584.26  
Bought McCue & Wright Milling Co., 106 barrels flour at \$5.00 .....\$530.00  
Balance .....54.26

## Sunday School Collections.

Methodist church, Tazewell.....\$ 5.29  
Baptist church, Tazewell..... 3.03  
Presbyterian S. S., Tazewell..... 5.00  
May's Chapel ..... 2.25  
Total .....\$16.51

## Founding Mill.

Mrs. W. B. Steele, \$5.00, Lena Altizer 25c, Mrs. R. K. Gillespie \$1.00, Dora Nettie Newman 10c, Mrs. W. G. Gillespie 40c, Miss Mary Brown 75c, Mrs. Garnett Pharr \$1, R. K. Gillespie \$5, W. B. Steele \$5, J. H. Williamson 50c, C. M. Hunter \$1, James Hunter 10c, Charles Hunter 10c, Charlotte Hunter 10c, Tucker Gillespie 10c, W. C. T. U. \$7. Total, \$28.40.

Clothing from Founding Mill:  
Miss Uva Steele, coat suit, etc., Miss Mary Brown, suit; G. R. Thomas, coat; Mrs. W. B. Steele, the balance of a box. Low value of box, \$75.

The Founding Mill contribution was sent direct.

The entire amount of all contributions will be published in next issue of this paper if the amounts collected and shipped direct were reported. We cannot give amounts unless reported to us. No report has reached this office of the number of barrels of flour shipped from Burke's Garden. No report has reached us from Clear Fork or Falls Mills, and one or two other places. If contributions have been made please report to the secretary, Col. J. B. Boyer, Tazewell.

## THE HIGH SCHOOLS' UNIQUE CLOSING.

The Tazewell High School closed out on Wednesday at noon for the holidays. There was a short and informal but pleasant program consisting of songs, a few remarks by the Principal and a visitor present. The Christmas spirit was in the air, and the school was a scene of cheer and joy. Several classes recited and sang. Two or three of the smallest sang in school "spoke little pieces," and one performed creditably on the piano. Two young girls rendered a nice instrumental duet. Several teachers had nice little Christmas trees in their rooms, and everything was joyous and bright.

The school has had a pleasant and successful session so far, and the exercises on yesterday were a fitting close. Several of the teachers will go home for the holidays.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS CLOSING OUT FOR WINTER.

The report reaches this office that a number of the country Sunday schools will close out at once, and go into winter quarters.

In some localities it may be difficult for a few Sundays at a time, on account of bad weather and bad roads, for small children to get to church, but they do go to day schools, five days in the week, through this same weather and over these same roads, and the men go to their work, and come clear to town over these same roads. But, strange to say, they can't, any of them, go to Sunday school for an hour, one day in the week. What are our good roads for, and why were they built? Some schools, right on these good roads, are closing. The trouble is not with the roads or the weather. Scratch off the outside, and down under the vest or the hat, or both, the trouble will be located all right, which is, that we don't believe deeply and truly in this Sunday school business. If we did, we'd go after it and into it just like we do the day schools and our business. Well, it does no good, it seems, to fuss about it. When springtime comes again the schools will reopen, and go ahead again.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION ON YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Sunday schools at Rocky Dell and at Concord yesterday and today had their Christmas celebrations—the former on yesterday and the latter today. At Rocky Dell, Mr. John W. McGraw, superintendent, there was a fine Christmas tree, presents for the children, songs, speeches, etc., and a fine time was had. Superintendent McGraw has made good. When he was elected to the position last summer he kicked and protested that he knew nothing in the world about running a Sunday school, but he was put to the test, and he has succeeded. An earnest, sensible Christian man can run almost anything if he tries. A member of the Rocky Dell school said to the writer on yesterday: "We like Mr. McGraw fine." At Concord Phillip Baugh is holding up the light, and doing it well. We hope to have a report of his celebration.

## THE HOGS WERE PUZZLED.

"I was horsebacking," says a St. Louis man, "through the woods in that portion of Arkansas in which the hogs still run wild. In a heavily timbered tract I came upon a big herd of porkers that were behaving in the most extraordinary manner. They would run madly in one direction for a hundred yards or so, squealing vigorously and hopefully, then stop, sniff the air, utter a shriek of disappointment and make an equally mad dash in another direction. I watched them some time without being able in the least to fathom the mystery.

"Half a mile further on, I came to a cabin in the woods. An old man sat on an inverted keg inside the doorway, smoking a corn-cob pipe. The quandary of the hogs was still worrying me, so, as soon as we had passed the time of day, I said:

"Those hogs down in the brush are acting very strangely. How do you explain it?"

"Them's my hawgs," same in a stagewhisper. "I used to call 'em up an' feed 'em now an' then, but the other day I lost my voice an' took to callin' 'em by poundin' on a tree with a stick. An' now them durned woodpeckers has got 'em crazy."

## SENATOR ECHOLS DIES IN STAUNTON

Long and Distinguished Career  
of Virginia Legislator Comes  
to an End.

Staunton, Dec. 23.—Senator Echols died at 9:30 last Saturday morning. Senator Edward Echols was the son of General John Echols, a distinguished Confederate officer. His mother was the former Mary Jane Caperton. He was born in Union, W. Va., in 1849. He was graduated with honors from Washington and Lee and later from the University of Virginia and steadily rose a prominence in legal, social, banking and political circles.

In 1883 he was elected to the legislature and returned each term until 1889 when he was elected to the senate. In 1897 he was elected lieutenant governor. He served in this capacity until 1901 when he retired to private life, but was not allowed to remain out of politics long. About 1905 he was returned to the senate and made chairman of the finance committee. He was elected president of the National Valley bank, succeeding R. W. Burke in 1905, and continued its president until his death. Mr. Echols was a member of the tax commission.

In 1895 he married Miss Margaret Young, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John D. Young, of Louisville, Ky. She survives him with two children, Harriet and John. He also is survived by his stepmother, Mrs. Mary Echols, of Chicago. Ever since his severe illness became known messages have been received from all sections and the greatest interest has been taken in his condition.

In his death, Staunton and Virginia loses a faithful and most valuable citizen. His death will be severely felt.

## THE DEACON'S BACKSLIDING.

"I abhor myself, I am a poor sinner, saved by grace. I am prone to do evil as the sparks are to fly upward. I do the things I should not do, and leave undone the things I should have done. Oh wretched man that I am!"

Uncle John sat down before the hot fire in the office, took out his pipe, and while doing it gave utterance to the above snatches of scripture. I asked, "Uncle John, what on earth is the matter? What are you talking about?" He gave out a short chuckle, and a broad smile broke over his face. He said, "I was thinking of something that happened in old Jerusalem, when I was a boy. It was funny and serious, too, for it liked to broke up the church."

I asked him to tell me about it. It may be necessary to explain, for the information of new readers of this paper not acquainted with "Uncle John," or familiar with his peculiar and interesting stories, that he was a member of the Baptist church for many years, and most of his life, a deacon. At the time of this story he was a small boy. His people were all members of Old Jerusalem, an old-fashioned, low, broad country church, situated in a grove of large oak and chestnut trees, about 3 miles from the little country village. The church had quite a large membership of plain, good, country people, and in his boyhood and young manhood he was a regular attendant at every service. He had once with a regular church meeting on Saturday before. When he got married, which he did early in life, he moved away from the old neighborhood and Old Jerusalem, and settled in our community, joined the Baptist church in town by letter, and was soon elected to the office of deacon, and at the time of this writing is head deacon in the church. He owns a good farm and is prosperous.

His wife, "Aunt Martha," is a fine, fat jolly soul, the mother of three boys and two girls, and looks almost as young as her daughters. Uncle John calls her "Ma" when at home, but when he comes to town, or there is company in the house, he calls her "Marthy." He is robust, tall, straight as an Indian, wears a number 10 boot, full whiskers, except as to his upper lip, his beard, covering his shirt front, is a light grey, and in the middle when the wind blows, has a big broad mouth and a laugh that can be heard a whole square away. He is, in short, a fine old man, a member of the old school, uneducated as to the sciences, but well informed and "plain as an old shoe."

The above brief and imperfect description of an indescribable man will serve as a sort of introduction to "Uncle John," as a everybody calls him. On this occasion he brought "Aunt Martha and the gyris" to town in his double seated, light spring wagon, drawn by two "spankin'" high-leaded greys. He drove down main street at a swift gait. The wind was blowing, and his whiskers were waving back over his shoulders. He held a tight rein, his right foot was pressed against the rubber bar, and the hind wheels of his vehicle were locked and sliding on the ground. The "Ma" was holding to the seat with one hand, and with the other gripped her hat to hold it on her head. The greys "run off" once, and Aunt Martha has been "sickered of 'em," she says, ever since, "specially in town where there's so many automobiles and things to skeer abody's horses," but Uncle John knows how to handle 'em. Nevertheless, Aunt Martha bridled easier when the team drew up at the hotel, where she and the girls alighted. While they were shopping and the team was being cared for, Uncle John called in, as he always does when in town, took a proffered chair, and let out the scriptural effusion noted at the beginning of this article.

When his pipe was filled and lighted, I asked him to go on, and tell me the story he had in his mind. As near as I could keep up this is about what he said, in nearly his exact words:

"Old Jerusalem was an old-fashioned Baptist church, like most of the churches of that day. We had preachin' on a month, and church meetin' on Saturday before. Our pastor was an old man, who started life as a blacksmith, and afterwards went to preachin' and farmin'. He was a good man, but—No, I won't say it. He is gone now, and safe in glory, and I recollect, but he had a stormy time, as he used to say, 'tabernacled' in this vale of tears here below.' We had a protracted meetin' on a year, generally in the fall after the crops was laid by, and before pullin' fodder and cuttin' tops time come, and the folks weren't busy, which lasted always from one preachin' to the next if things moved on pretty well. A 'travelin' preacher,' as they called him, used to come around to help out in the meetin', he preaching one sermon and our preacher one, sorter back and forth that way. And sometimes the members would get inter disputes as to which one could beat preachin', and two of the members like to a fit over it one day, they sayin' one and the other that 'other was the best—but I am gettin' oif'n the track."

Old Jerusalem had what they called a 'disciplin' committee,' composed of three deacons and two women. This committee was a sort of detective bureau, whose business it was to keep a watch over the brethren and sisters, and if anybody strayed out'en the straight and narrow path he, or she, as the case might be, was reported to the disciplin' committee. One of the sinners was a female member the women members, and if a man, the male members—of the committee would visit he, or her, and 'labor with him,' and cite him to appear before the church. If the sinner was penitent the usual course was on next meetin' day to have him come to the front, make his 'confession and make confession to the church, and make 'never to do so any more.' Then somebody would start a hymn, and all the members would come forward and shake hands with the returning prodigal, welcoming him back into the fold, and with each other, and the matter was considered closed. Many a time I set in the back part of the church and looked on—many and many a time.

There was one member—a long lean lank feller, named Absalom Hankins—who they used to keep on eyeing, about every other church meetin'. Ab. was fond of his dram and he couldn't go to the store after a pound of coffee and get home in good shape to save his life. He used to say that some of the 'head members' drank a heap more liquor than he did but they could beat him totin' it, that when he took a drink it ached his head, and certain as the world was made, the disciplin' committee would hear of it in some way, and report it to the church, and then, next church meetin' there would be a lot of hand shakin' goin' on. Ab. had a set speech he always made, while the tears run down his face. 'Brother Absalom,' the old pastor would say, 'the brethren report that you have been guilty again of usin' intoxicating liquors in excess, and have brought reproach upon the church. According to the disciplin' and the covenant, you are required to make a statement and confess publicly before the church.' Ab. would begin: 'Brethren! I abhor myself. I am a poor weak sinner, and as the Bible says, prone to do evil as the sparks are to fly up the chimney. The things I would not do are the very things I turn right round and do. Ef you all will forgive me this time, I'll never do so again.' Whereupon, vote and the usual hand-shakin' would follow. This same thing, and Ab.'s same speech had occurred so often that the boys dubbed Ab. 'Old Absalom,' and the nick-name stuck to him to his dyin' day.

But one day somethin' happened. Deacon Asherly, who happened to be a member of the disciplin' committee, sold a beef to the town butcher, and had to deliver it just before Christmas. He tied a good, stout rope to the steer's horns, and started to town. All went well until the steer reached Main street, where he saw sights and scenes a country steer wasn't use to, and he became fractious and frightened, and was pulling and hauling Deacon Asherly across from one side of the street to the other. The snow was on the ground, and the deacon was slippin' and slidin' and pullin' back. The steer bowed his neck and he finally got a start and struck a pretty lively clip down Main street. The deacon swung on, but the steer kept gettin' faster and faster. The deacon was makin' awful strides. People came out from the stores to see the fun. The boys hollered. A little town dog ran out and bit the deacon on the leg, and this ended it. The rope somewhere had got twisted around the steer's neck, and he was swingin' the deacon some. Just as the steer and the deacon reached the grocery store at the end of the street the steer belloved, bowed his back, gave a big lunge, and the deacon's holt broke, and he went sprawlin' in the mud and rolled clear under the store porch. He crawled out, picked up his head, and saw Sunday mornin', it was all crumpled and bespattered. He looked at his hat, and then at the steer disappearin' down the road, and uttered just one word—a word almost any man, under the circumstances would have thought of if he didn't actually speak it out. That one word was 'damned.' He said it like a man who was not in the habit of 'cussin', but it just slipped out like that. Ab. Hankins happened to be on the street porch, and saw and heard it all. He had been rabbit huntin' and had come by the store to get a plug of tobacco for Christmas, and was just about leavin' when the deacon and the steer hove in sight. He slipped off easy, chucklin' to himself about the deacon, who was a member of the disciplin' committee, and on the way home he overtook Hamersley Wiggins, his neighbor, and he told Ham all about it, and they both laughed and talked the matter over. Ham called that, come to think about it, he heard the deacon use a word once that wasn't just right. He was helping the deacon build a plank fence along the lane back o' the barn one day, and instead of hittin' the nail the deacon hit his thumb with the hammer, and said 'durn it,' and other instances were recalled of the deacon usin' 'profane language,' so they had heard, and before they parted at the works o' the road they had discussed the deacon's record for years back. When Ab. got home he told his wife about what he had seen and heard, and what Ham had heard, and 'lowed to his wife that his day of vengeance had arrived. He said: 'I have shook

## SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. A. J. STEELE

After Only Brief Illness Mother  
Of Large and Well Known  
Family, Expires.

Mrs. Vicie Steele, the beloved wife of Mr. A. J. Steele, died at her home, a mile east of town, as briefly stated in these columns in last issue, on Friday morning, about 6 o'clock, after only about an hour and a half's illness. She retired on Thursday night in her usual health and in specially good spirits. She had been busy all day on Thursday, and until nearly 11 o'clock at night, preparing for Christmas, at which time she expected her children all home. About 4 a. m. on Friday morning she woke up suffering from a severe pain of the stomach, which was accompanied by severe and almost continuous vomiting. No members of the family were at home except her husband and son, Estelle Steele. A physician was summoned but before his arrival she had passed away. Her death, it is thought, was due to the rupture of a blood vessel.

The sad and solemn burial services took place on Sunday afternoon, from the Methodist church, conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. C. R. Brown, Rev. T. H. Campbell, and Ly. Rev. Mr. Elmore, of Cincinnati, who accompanied Miss Margarita Steele home, who was studying music in that city, and a boarder in Mr. Elmore's family.

The pall bearers were: B. W. Strass, Henry Preston, G. A. Martin, Chapman H. Peery, J. G. Buston and W. Archie Thompson.

The occasion was one of peculiar and unusual sadness. No death of recent years had so shocked the community, and no funeral was ever more solemn and impressive. The spacious audience room of the church was overflowed, many people standing and others unable to gain admittance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The music had been prepared with care, and was peculiarly appropriate. By special request the gospel song, "The Ninety and Nine," a favorite with Mrs. Steele for years, was sung as a solo, by Mrs. A. S. Higginbotham, with great pathos and effect. There were many beautiful eyes in the audience during the singing of this great song. The address of the pastor was specially appropriate, and the service was closed by the choir singing, "The Home Over There."

The beautiful white casket was literally covered in banks of flowers and evergreens. There were wreaths and crowns of roses, lilies, carnations and immortelles, fragrant and beautiful, softening and even beautifying their meekly, and helping to lighten up of God.

All that was mortal of this worthy and now glorified wife and mother, was laid to rest in Jeffersonville cemetery beneath the snow and sod of her native hills. The flowers will shiver and wither in the wintry blast above her sleeping dust, but in the spring time there will be a resurrection to new life again in the Garden of Gods.

A hand upon whose blissful shore,  
There falls no shadow, rests no stain;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again.

Besides a husband there are nine children—four sons and five daughters left to mourn the loss of a mother, namely: C. Walter Steele, Mrs. E. L. Andrews, Bristol; Fred R. and Edgar, Miss Flora, Mrs. V. H. Hawkins, Lincoln, Ala.; B. Estill Steele and Misses Eva and Margarita.

Mrs. Steele was a daughter of the late Walter and Narcissa Thompson, of Thompson Valley, and therefore sister to Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Thompson Valley, and to Mrs. Mary Brown, of Tazewell. For many years she has been a consistent and useful member of the Methodist church, and here, as well as in her home, she will be sadly and sorely missed. She was in the 61st year of her age.

## THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,  
In the amber glory of the day's request,  
In the midnight robed in darkness, or in the gleaming of the moon,  
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps in the sands of Galilee,  
On the temple's marble pavement; on the street,  
With the weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,  
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster isles of splendor from betwixt